

## QUINN, SUPERVISOR

Quinn has come out for supervisor for Oahu county. Quinn is of the Fourth Precinct, Fourth District, and has looked well to the delegates who attend the Republican convention. He is of the opinion that the precinct delegates will be for Quinn, and that will be enough to start the boom.

"I am out for a good roads supervisor for the county of Oahu," said Quinn yesterday. "I can appreciate now with my automobile what good roads mean, and what well-kept roads mean. It is all right to build good roads, but they must be kept in repair and by a different system than that now in vogue. Constant repairing to roads will be cheaper in the end. Building a fine, expensive road, and then leaving it to rip out full of ruts, is a mistake. That would be one of the principal works I would undertake if elected as a supervisor. And I think I know what good roads ought to be."

### Achi for Hustace.

Hustace makes no secret of his backing for Achi for mayor. He declares that Achi is the stronger of the two. Achi is in the negative way and Hustace is the weaker of the two. Hustace says that unless he gets the support of the business men, he cannot win the office can.

### Cooke for Chairman.

P. Cooke is being advanced for chairman of the coming Republican convention. He is urged owing to Robert Robertson's statement that he does not wish to wield the gavel this year. Cooke is a representative business man and has taken a decided stand in politics for the past eight years. He is one of the few business men in active politics.

### Lane Stands Pat.

John Lane stands like a rock in his wish to take a seat in the mayor's chair, and announces first, last and all the time that he will not accept a nomination for sheriff. This goes back to the original statement or rumor that Lane does not care to put any stumbling blocks in the way of Jarrett for that office. It is felt that Wise will be easy prey for Jarrett, but Wise doesn't think so. Wise is not only sure that he can beat Jarrett, but that the convention is just aching to nominate him. In the back ground, however, looms the shadow of Brown, and then behind that, Cathcart; that is, the two shadows are one as a combination.

### Kelekolio Is Dickering.

Bernard Kelekolio, the Boy Orator, announced yesterday that he was a candidate for Representative from the Fourth Representative District. In the event of the fact that Willie Crawford's campaign to land the nomination for himself, the Boy Orator is losing no sleep over this fact.

Our names will be placed before the convention; in other words, before the delegates elected from the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth precincts, and it is up to them to decide between us. I will abide by the decision of the convention."

Bernard is also looking out for a nice young man to fill the office of Deputy Sheriff, that office having so far not been mentioned to any extent by the Republicans. He has in mind a former Brown employee, but the name is too closely connected with the other Brown regimes to make any impression on the convention.

### Politics in General.

R. W. Shingle has not so far signified his willingness to run for the lower house on the Republican ticket as a business man's choice.

Robert Pahan is a new possibility of the Democrats for Deputy Sheriff from the First Precinct, Fourth District. He is a Kanehameha graduate.

The following additional primary returns have been received:

Waianae—Territorial: M. K. Leleo, 20; S. Kila, 26; S. Mapu, 29; F. R. 45. Defeated: J. K. Kupan, 12; J. M. Perry, 11; J. Watson, 4.

Maui—Territorial: Noah Mahi, E. B. Salemi, Geo. C. Ross.

Kauai—Territorial: E. Hore. County: A. E. Cox, O. P. Cox, Joseph Dias, R. Grant, J. K. Kanepua, Chas. Kua, J. E. Kuali, Ruel Kinney, Manuel Koua.

Delegates are coming in from the other islands to attend the Democratic convention tomorrow. The convention will be opened in the forenoon.

### WHOOPING COUGH.

This is a very dangerous disease unless properly treated, but all danger may be avoided by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, keeps the cough loose, and makes the paroxysms of coughing less frequent and less severe. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

## FLEET LEAVES THURSDAY MORN

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

At one o'clock this afternoon a cruiser will leave her moorings at one of the wharves and steam out through the channel to the outside anchorage, followed by all other cruisers in the harbor excepting the flagship West Virginia. The torpedo-boat destroyers will also move outside, and everything will be in readiness to start for Samoa Thursday forenoon.

Early on Thursday the flagship will also join the fleet outside. At nine o'clock the cruisers will commence making fast to their tows, the destroyers, and at the same hour the flagship will lead the van for Samoa. Half an hour will be sufficient time to enable the cruisers to pick up their tows.

The cruise will last about ten days, and after a few days in Samoan waters the fleet will start for Honolulu, arriving here about October 7. A few more days will be spent here, and the fleet, which will be even larger by the presence of the cruiser Colorado, will leave for San Diego.

### Admiral's Dinner.

Last evening Admiral and Mrs. Swinburne entertained at dinner aboard the flagship West Virginia in honor of Governor and Mrs. Frear. Other guests were United States Judge Dole and Mrs. Dole, Captain and Mrs. Rees, Mr. and Mrs. McCandless, Captain Fox, U. S. N., Commander Oliver, U. S. N.

Down in the wardroom another pretty dinner was given by Lieutenant H. Jensen, U. S. N., fleet ordnance officer, and Chaplain Ginty, U. S. N. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Fairchild, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Miss Alice Macfarlane, Miss Helen Macfarlane, Lieutenant Potet, U. S. N., Lieutenant Constain, U. S. N. The flagship's quarterdeck was draped with flags and presented an attractive appearance.

### Bluejackets' Good Time.

The bluejackets' outing ashore continued without abatement yesterday and through the night, the men having the time of their lives. It was the same old story of horseback rides, auto jaunts, buggy and surrey maneuvers, bicycle races, postal cards, dinners, everything in the eatable and drinkable line that could be procured. It was "Whoop 'er up!" from early dawn until midnight. Many of the surreys, autos and buggies were decorated, and the occupants carried South Dakota pennants. And no wonder they were having such a good time.

"Why, this doesn't cost us anything," said a South Dakota man, acting as spokesman for a dozen others. "This is the West Virginia money we won on the cutter race."

As the West Virginia lost at least \$3500 on the race, the South Dakotans are correspondingly happy.

### Just Practising Towing.

Several pairs of bicyclists trundled along the streets, in tandem. Six wheels far in the lead led six other wheels and riders far behind, with a tow-line between. They were playing cruiser and torpedo-boat destroyer.

"Say, this towing business is just like the destroyers being tied to mama's apron strings," said a cruiser man in the presence of a torpedoer, just for a taunt.

### Father Neptune Waiting.

Good old Father Neptune is waiting for the fleet to cross the equator on the way to Samoa. There will be big doings then, and the novices who "cross the line" will have special attention on the part of Neptune and his attendants. The costumes have already been prepared, and as the fleet crosses the hot belt Neptune will board the flagship. The novices will be herded and initiated. They will get their hair cropped, be subjected to a shave with a razor about five feet long, more or less, will be ducked in water tanks and subjected to varied tortures. In the end each novice will receive his initiation diploma.

In order that old-timers may not be mistaken for novices, those having certificates are getting them out. Several visited the Advertiser yesterday to have their names printed in, in large type, so no mistake would be made about it.

### Bishop Unable to Go.

Bishop Restarick had hopes of being able to go to Samoa with the fleet, but unfortunately his request was made so late that it could not be complied with. The Bishop wished to go to Samoa to inspect the Episcopal churches there, and presented his request to Admiral Swinburne. The fact that it has to be referred to Washington makes it rather doubtful that the request will be granted, at least, in time.

Judge Lindsay yesterday appointed Kekaula Makana guardian of the person and the estate of Kamoonahu Kawapua, an incompetent person.

## THINKS THE WAR ON THE MOSQUITO IS HOPELESS

Ralph Bergengren in Boston Transcript.

Several days ago atmospheric conditions that were of somewhat unusual nature and prolongation treated New York to a plague that nearly reached serious proportions. New Jersey has long been conducting a pattern campaign against the mosquito, by draining her swamps and "meadows." Staten Island had been declared cleared of the pest. Yet recently New York was inundated with swarms of mosquitoes. They made night impossible; by day they stopped busy New Yorkers, in curiosity at the remarkable numerousness of their swarms. Their presence was everywhere a serious embarrassment, but the embarrassment became alarming at their invasion of the hospitals.

The wise ones promptly proclaimed them of the harmless variety, so far as concerned their capacity to bring and spread disease. In the end annoyance was all they brought. Yet between slaps and scratches New York wondered whence they came. Was it by way of the new North River tunnels, from New Jersey? asked the humorist. But a strong and a long southeast wind brought them from the salt marshes of Long Island, the neglected spot in the metropolitan fight against the insect!

The incident ended in a passing joke, yet it might have had a calamitous side, and it was productive of several sobering considerations. Will the extermination of the mosquito ever be accomplished? The outlook is not the most cheerful one, and it gathers no cheer from the surprising past of the campaign. It would probably astonish most people to learn that that record is best set forth in the files of the patent office. The Pfiffers themselves must have begun the battle, but it does well enough to begin with the patent annals. And they make an amusing commentary on the absurd, the frantic and the discouragingly futile efforts of mankind to be rid of these persistent insect pests.

Since the beginning of the century invention although still alive is visibly losing interest. Mosquito inventions, as recorded in the somewhat stiff and unpicturesque phraseology of the Patent Office, divide themselves into two kinds, passive and aggressive. One may elect to hide from the mosquito, to shut one's self away from her in the doubtful security of the screened room or mosquito netted bedstead; or one may advance to the combat like Goliath against David but without Goliath's comforting sense of prestige and self-importance. Even from the beginning the inventors have evidently doubted the ability of the average man to kill the average mosquito with any weapon whatever, and as we all know, slapping at a mosquito is usually taken as a kind of applause and encourages the creature to further effort. Among the last mosquito inventions of the last century hardly more than a half dozen attempts to kill the mosquito, and only one, so far as moderately careful search can discover, insults its intelligence by trying to take it in a trap. Even the idea of making a sticky man for this purpose has been sadly neglected. What is even more curious, the aggressive and deadly inventions are contributions of the female intellect. It has taken an Ida or an Elizabeth to attack the mosquito as a burglar attacks the unsuspecting householder, and it is the mind of a woman that conceived the revengeful notion of capturing them alive and drowning them afterward.

But what wonders these inventors accomplished in nets and bars! They have evolved nettings that hang from the ceilings, that project from the walls, that are part of the bed, that defy the mosquito by night and support the pillow sham by day, that can be put over the bed like a dish cover, or that revolve rapidly through the still hours, round and round the sleeper until even the mosquito gets dizzy and gives up trying to penetrate the miraculous obstacle. Then, too, there was a mosquito netting that shut up or opened like an umbrella; you pulled a cord at night and its folds descended about you; you released the cord in the morning and the netting folded itself up in a jiffy—and if for any reason you tired of it as a protection against mosquitoes, you could cover the frame with some other material and use it for a carriage umbrella. Or, again, there was the mosquito bar that was also a clothes dryer. In the matter of screens, there was somewhat less variety, but as for minor improvements they were figuratively as the sands of a small beach, and each inventor was happy in the belief that his fellow-citizens were at last protected from an insidious and resourceful enemy. A century of such labor might be expected to exhaust all possible variations in the "art and practice" of hanging nets and screening windows. But even now an occasional inventor appears with a new invention, although there now is but one such invention a year where there were once from two or three to a dozen.

There was a splendid and typical optimism in the gentleman from Newark, N. J., who wrote in his specifications: "I have, therefore, in a simple manner secured a very important object, viz., the protection of the face from the mosquitoes, with no annoyance to the wearer, and with trifling expense." But it was optimism marching to disappointment. Nothing has ever completely succeeded against the mosquito, not even the killers invented by subtle and courageous women. One may fairly doubt whether Lucrezia Borgia could have killed a mosquito—except by accident.

There was the poison cup, for example, a metallic vessel with a sponge in the bottom soaked with coal tar, and over the sponge a filter, and over the filter a perforated tray with projections extending above the rim of the cup so that if you pressed it against the ceiling the pressure acted upon the sponge and liberated poisonous fumes. In the proper hands this is evidently a sinister weapon. "It is well known," says the observing inventor, "that these insects usually alight on the ceiling of a room. So to rid the room of them the cup is placed on a

stick and held under the insect, then quickly pressed against the ceiling, the vapor of the coal oil instantly killing the mosquito." But it is equally evident that the weapon becomes powerless if the mosquito decides to wait for night on the wall rather than on the ceiling. To meet this emergency there is the killer invented by another ingenious woman who provided two metal trays at right angles to each other, one for the ceiling and the other for the wall, and mounted on the necessary stick.

But to return to the optimistic gentleman from New Jersey who believed he had so completely solved the problem without harming the enemy. Arguing with considerable plausibility that if a man could protect his face the bed clothes would cover up the rest of him, this inventor set himself to devise a protection for the face and succeeded quite to his own satisfaction. Yet it is not altogether surprising that his invention did not become popular. Imagine, if you please, a band of light metal lightly encircling your head and neatly tied under your chin; from this band projects a secondary framework, somewhat like the fillet worn by Isis in Egyptian sculpture, overshadowing your nose, but some distance above it. As you lie on your back with your head on the pillow the frame supports a mosquito netting which falls gracefully about your sleeping countenance. Perhaps you smile in your sleep to hear the buzzing of the angry enemy as she stands on the netting and vainly tries to reach through it. Perhaps you turn slightly one way or another—and then you discover the weakness of the inventor's optimism. A quiet sleeper himself, he evidently argued that all the world slept in the same fashion.

Quiet sleeping, in fact, was evidently taken for granted by the inventors of "new and useful improvements in 'Mosquito Guards.'" We have all seen the hemisphere of wire that bakers use to protect their pies and cakes—and if such an arrangement protects a pie, why shouldn't it protect a human being? At least, so argued the inventor who made one for just this purpose, completing it with a fringe of netting that adapted itself to the bed clothes, excluded the unwelcome guest, and left no place even for a mosquito to creep in on his hands and knees. As with the other invention, the wearer reposed on his back with his head on the pillow, as nearly as possible like a pie on a counter. Then with one hand he carefully arranged the protector, one side resting on the pillow, the other on his own bosom and the fringe extending in all directions. And if he could only manage to sleep as quietly as a pie all would be well till morning.

These, however, are simple inventions for sound sleepers. One prefers to picture the happy possessor of the "new and improved sleep-preserver and mosquito guard," which was not only "very simple and cheap," but could be "carried in a common traveling bag, and used whenever and wherever wanted." This gentleman is a traveler, a man of adventure and vicissitudes, yet once possessed of the sleep-preserver he is unquestionably safe from the mosquito. We see him arrived at his destination; his valet, we will say, has opened his bag and laid out his nightgown and his sleep-preserver side by side on the coverlet. Midnight comes and he retires to his chamber. First he puts on his nightgown, then he opens the preserver. It expands under his hand into an affair of five or six hoops of light metal, all going in one direction, and another series of curved strips of metal at right angles to the hoops. Some of the hoops are smaller than others, and the whole affair looks like a small balloon covered with mosquito netting. He puts the balloon over his head like a shirt; struggles into it, and by an ingenious arrangement of inside cords ties it tight around his middle. Then he goes to bed. Then, unless one of them went into the thing when he did, he is undoubtedly protected against mosquitoes!

But even this practical device did not become popular. There was probably something restrictive about it—a sense, maybe, of being too well protected, as may have been the case also with a similar invention designed to make a hammock mosquito-proof. Here the hammock swung gently inside of an enormous mosquito netting hogshead, with ingeniously sliding hoops through which the owner made his exits and entrances. On a larger scale it was not unlike the cylindrical helmet invented to defy the mosquito in the woods and provided with a sliding door if the owner wished to put anything into his mouth.

For outdoor wear another interesting invention was the pocket mosquito cap, designed by yet another feminine inventor, although intended for gentlemen. The inventor probably realized that no woman would wear it under any circumstances, but argued, somewhat unadvisedly, that a man would wear anything. The gentleman in this case, seeing a mosquito approaching in the distance, dragged from his pocket a large bag of mosquito netting hung from a headpiece that projected some inches from the circumference of his cranium. This being placed securely on his head, the net fell around him in graceful folds and was belted in or left to float negligently as his own taste dictated. It deprived him of the use of his arms, but it defied the mosquito.

The trap for mosquitoes stands alone in the list of inventions. It was made of metal in the shape of a cylinder and so arranged that it was illuminated from the outside. In the cylinder were many perforations, and the light shining through them easily tempted the mosquito to believe that here was a little house, presumably inhabited by little people. So the mosquito approached cautiously and climbed through one of the perforations. But these, alas! were like the inward pointing spokes of the familiar wire rat-trap, and once inside there was no returning. In the morning the trap could be soaked in a tub of water and the captives drowned without pity.

During the last decade, indeed, literature has been busier with the mos-

## WAIALEE BOYS AND BAND HERE

Walter Dillingham can have anything the boys and girls of the Industrial schools have to give.

He was instrumental in giving them the time of their lives yesterday. He brought them in from their institutions, whirled them around town on special cars over the Rapid Transit company's lines; took them outside the harbor on the Al steamship Pioneer, where the band from the Boys' school serenaded the South Dakota. And then they went aboard the flagship West Virginia where they were received by the Admiral and Captain McCrackin, and were taken all over the vessel. It was a great day for all the boys and especially for the boys who compose the band. It was their first public appearance away from the school.

Mr. Dillingham suggested the plan to Superintendent Babbitt some days ago. The superintendent was delighted with it, only there were no funds from which the expense of it could be paid. Mr. Dillingham said he would fix that; and he did. He raised the funds for the excursion. Over the Oahu Railway the boys from Waialeale came in yesterday morning on the train that arrived soon after 8 o'clock. There were one hundred and thirty-nine of them, including the band. This is the band that Captain Berger has been going out to the Industrial school every two or three weeks for the past year and a half to teach. It did him credit.

At the railway station there were a couple of Rapid Transit cars waiting and in these the boys, with the band in sonorous action, were taken out to the Aquarium and Kapiolani park, and a whole lot of other places, and at noon back to the railway station where lunch was served in the car in which they rode to town.

After lunch the girls from the Girls' school were brought down to the Hackfeld wharf and both boys and girls went aboard the Pioneer and out through the channel and around the South Dakota. The boys' band serenaded the South Dakota. The Pioneer landed them all at the boat landing just Ewa of the Alakea street wharf. Here they were met by the matron, Mrs. Dexter, who brought some of the little tots who have been given to the school by parents or guardians and all marched over to the West Virginia.

"I'll go ahead and let them know we're coming," said Dillingham, as the youngsters lined up, with the band at their head playing lustily.

"Yes, do," said Superintendent Babbitt, "or they might not suspect it."

The West Virginia band played while the youngsters were aboard. The 3:15 train was held a few minutes for the boys from Waialeale, but they got back pretty nearly on train time, and out to the school in time to milk the cows for the night.

Superintendent Gibson and part of the teaching staff were in charge of the boys from the Waialeale institution, while Superintendent Babbitt, Mrs. Wilcox of the Board of Education, and Walter Dillingham and R. W. Atkinson gave up the day to looking out for the youngsters and seeing that the entire program was carried out.

The fleet has had no more interested spectators than these youngsters, who got their first glimpse of it yesterday.

Governor Carter has resigned as a member of the Board of Agriculture and Forestry. He expects to sail by the Korea for an extended trip abroad.

More than the invention. In the four years from 1900 to 1904 the magazines of this country published more than thirty articles about the creature—serious articles ranging from intimate personal gossip to the sociological aspect of mosquito extermination as a civic problem. These four years are perhaps the golden age of the mosquito as literary material, for there is surprisingly little to be written about her, even when we include her more modest and less aggressive husband. Humor has found the mosquito an unfailing topic, but the writer of up-to-the-minute detective tales hasn't grasped the possibilities of the mosquito.

Among the schemes evolved for destroying the mosquito it was proposed some years ago to form mosquito brigades in various disturbed communities. What these brigades were intended to do is now actually being done in many places by State governments or local initiative.

The one great coup in mosquito warfare, however, was the discovery of the mosquito parasite—the kindly Agamomeris Calicis, a little half-inch worm that enjoys eating them. There are really many such worms, but this one attracted special attention; there was talk of artificially creating an army of them and turning them loose in mosquito neighborhoods. A certain journal newspaper exploited the theory; a certain scientific magazine explained seriously that it was quite out of the question, and a certain poet, Mr. S. W. Gillilan, wrote of it in one of the best of all the innumerable mosquito poems: "They have found a bug to kill me, so I hear."

(Hear my song.) But it cannot with my pleasure interfere.

Very long. It will be the same old story, When I tune my bugle gory, And I'll too this bug to glory.

With my song— My killing song." And so, singing and stinging, the mosquito lies on!

## THE COLLEGE OF HAWAII

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

At a meeting of the Board of Regents of the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts held yesterday afternoon, President Gilmore presented the following list of entrance examination dates and subjects. The examinations take place at the College building, Young street, near Thomas Square, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, as follows:

Wednesday—  
8:10 a. m.—Algebra.  
10:12 m.—Chemistry.  
1:30-3 p. m.—Physical geography.  
3:5 p. m.—Mechanical drawing.

Thursday—

8:10 a. m.—Geometry.  
10:12 m.—Physics.  
1:30-4:30 p. m.—English.

Friday—

8:10 a. m.—Physiology.  
10:12 m.—Solid geometry.  
1:30-3 p. m.—History.

Saturday—

9:10 a. m.—Botany.  
10:12 m.—Trigonometry.

The following subjects by appointment: French, German, Latin, Greek, zoology, astronomy, general history, ancient history, mediaeval history, modern history.

The entrance requirements were discussed and altered to some extent and it was decided that for entrance, candidates, not less than sixteen years of age, of good moral character and in good health, will be admitted on the presentation of diplomas or their equivalent from Oahu College or the High School. A satisfactory examination in the subjects given in groups A, B and C in the original prospectus of the college is required.

In special courses not leading to degrees, it was arranged that the entrance requirement for all special courses shall be the same as for the regular four-year courses, provided that in recognition of the fact that experience and maturity tend to compensate in a measure for the lack of scholastic attainments, persons who are eighteen years of age or more may be admitted for entrance under the following conditions:

First, they must show good reasons for not taking the regular courses.

Second, they must pass such examinations as well demonstrate their fitness to pursue profitably all the subjects elected by them.

Third, they will not be allowed to take work in more than two subjects being known as major subjects with such kindred work as the professors in charge of the major subjects will approve.

Special students are expected to do good work in the subjects which they choose and are required to take all regular examinations. Special students may be admitted after consultation by the president upon approval by the professors under whom they choose to take work.

Miss M. E. Chipman was engaged as instructor in ceramics and household art, and Mr. Marius Armadis as instructor in French.

The College will open September 14.

### Bankrupt Discharged.

William H. Kelle, an employee of the postoffice, was given his discharge in bankruptcy in the United States District Court yesterday. The amount of his liabilities was \$568, and his assets nothing.

Are you easily tired?  
Is your work a burden? Do you often feel weak and faint? Is your appetite poor? Are you easily discouraged? If so, your nervous system is weakened, your blood is impure, and serious illness is not far away.

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

was made for just such cases. When the blood is impure the whole nervous system becomes poisoned. It is impossible to throw off that terrible feeling of depression, and there is no ambition to work. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify, vitalize, and enrich your blood, and life will again be worth living.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol.

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